

# Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

## Now worth Thousands

TAKE a long look at a picture, and ask yourself honestly—would you have bought it?

Jean Baptiste Corot, a draper's son, almost painted his life away. Year after year his pictures hopelessly appeared in the Paris Salon, and the critics simply ignored them.

For thirty years he never sold a picture. Nobody wanted to buy Corots. Corot was completely neglected by all his contemporaries.

Now the tide has turned. Millionaires eagerly compete with bids of thousands of pounds for his canvases. If you could find a forgotten Corot it would sell for a fortune to-morrow.

You'd have thought such an instance would have taught the art world a lesson. Yet Claude Monet, father of the Impressionists, died only a few years ago, and lived to see pictures he had sold for £4 changing hands at five figures.

### THE UPWARD GLIDE.

Van Gogh's name is also a household word, yet he sold only one picture, and that for only a few hundred francs, in his lifetime.

Seurat was almost similarly spurned, but his "Circus" was insured for £40,000 when recently exhibited in London.

Dunoyer de Segonzac, a modern French artist, was delighted to sell at 3,000 francs—about £20—a canvas he had discarded as rubbish. The buyer sold the picture for 90,000 francs!



Romney's Lady Hamilton

It happens in every field of art. Even art critics are puzzled by the problematic value of surrealist and other modern pictures; but let's take something straightforward, like English landscape painting.

George Morland used to paint for glasses of beer, and spent his last miserable years in a debtors' prison. Now, even a good print of a Morland picture has value, and his oil-paintings are four-figure winners of the sale-room.

David Cox, whose pictures hang in the National Gallery, sold his drawings at two guineas a dozen, and was glad enough to paint scenery at four shillings a square yard.

The great Constable invited buyers to his house in vain. It was immediately after his death that the world awoke to his genius.

Collectors would gladly pay

## Painted Amidst Poverty



Romney's Duchess of Sutherland

hundreds of pounds for landscapes by Cotman; they hardly realised as many shillings in 1843.

Had you known Romney when he was a young man, he would have painted your portrait for two guineas. Would you have risked the money? Such pictures now find the thousand-pound bidders jostling at art sales.

You'd perhaps expect the value of old paintings to have stabilised by now, but bargains are still knocking about. There are artists who have been dead for years and remain unknown, and yet their work may suddenly boom.

Vermeer, for instance, was forgotten for two centuries. Then a Frenchman happened to start studying him, listing his works. To-day he is among the most costly of Old Masters.

The 26 unsold pictures he left to his wife and family might to-day be worth £250,000!

On the other hand, Cezanne lost interest in his pictures with the last brush-stroke, and used to leave his paintings lying about under bushes. His wife surreptitiously retrieved them, although they were difficult to sell. Now they're worth big money. Degas, whose ballet pictures are so well known, often refused to sell.

A picture he was persuaded to sell for £20 eventually went for £17,400!

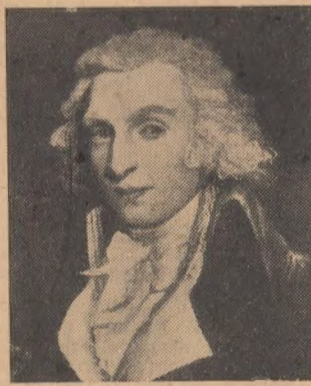
Suppose you were a millionaire with hard cash to invest in paintings. A huge canvas by Burne-Jones once realised 5,500 guineas. Would you have bought it for £100? Be careful!

You'd have lost your money, for the self-same picture fetched £21 a short time ago. The owner, Sir Jeremiah Colman, the mustard king, had paid 200 guineas.

### THE DOWNWARD SLOPE.

Everyone knows the world-famous picture of "Hope," by G. F. Watts, depicting a blindfolded girl seated on top of the globe. Thirty years ago it auctioned for £1,500. Do you bid £100? The last auction price was £90!

Frith, of Derby Day fame, was once the great attraction at the Royal Academy, and he received £4,000 for painting "The Salon d'Or," a gambling scene. Dealers bought it for £48 a few weeks back.



Romney's "Officer"

## Beneath The Surface

With AL MALE

THE other day I said that a religious revival was on its way, and maybe some of you chaps raised your eyebrows at the prospect.

What I think I ought to have said was a religious revolution, or at any rate a religious re-organisation, and it is being launched by none other than Dr. Neville Gorton, Bishop of Coventry.

No need to remind you that Coventry Cathedral was a special target during the "terror" raids, and what little there is left of it has become almost a national symbol of the deliberate ruthlessness with which the Hun sought out churches upon which to vent his special hate.

The cathedral, obviously, must be rebuilt, and plans have been prepared by Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, R.A., who, as many of you know, designed the Liverpool Cathedral now in course of construction.

The cathedral itself is to be built round a central altar. "The altar does not belong only to the clergy, it belongs also to the people," says the Bishop; therefore it will be set in the middle, where it may be approached from all directions.

In a word, the cathedral church becomes the heart of the city's life, as it was in mediaeval times.

But that is not all. To help bridge the gap between Anglicans and Nonconformists it is proposed to build an inter-denominational centre to be connected with the cathedral by a Chapel of Unity, where all may worship. Here may be the germ of one of the biggest religious movements for centuries.

Now, to the ordinary person like you and me, doesn't it all sound strange? I mean, doesn't it all sound strange that this sort of get-together couldn't have happened years and years ago?

### Yet does it?

Why, I remember when I was a youngster I became rather fond of a schoolgirl, saw her part-way to school every morning, and all that, so that when Christmas approached I saved diligently (from my small spend) to buy her a present.

Eventually, on the eve of Christmas I shyly approached her with a package (a cardboard box containing a very nice morocco leather handbag), and almost immediately bolted home in case she opened it in front of me and created a situation which might have called for ceremony.

A few days passed, and, to my amazement, I received the packet back with apologies, a note saying that the young lady regretted that her mother refused to allow her to accept my gift as I HAD OPENED TO BELONG TO A DIFFERENT DENOMINATION FROM THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

Seems incredible, doesn't it? Yet my mother still has that bag as evidence of what to my mind was unbelievable narrow-mindedness. And these people were supposed to be educated, the girl herself attending the local grammar school.

So... if you get THAT amongst civilised, educated people, what on earth CAN you expect from the so-called uneducated? I daren't think.

You see... for so long we have endured this splitting up... we have been given to understand that because our parents took us to a certain church, that church was the gateway to a path which led to Heaven, and that path a better path than any other path leading from any other church at any other gateway. The fact that some paths

were merely more ornamentally laid out than others, very often became the chief reason for us taking them (because some of us were taught to love ritual), and in many cases we lingered so long in admiration of the ornamentation that mentally we never got far up the path... we had forgotten just where it was supposed to lead, and didn't worry much so long as we had lots of ornamentation.

And many of us actually became so absorbed that we gave more and more time to our particular ornamental path, and almost regarded plain paths as being too direct... not sufficiently camouflaged even... not mystifying enough... too blunt... this wasn't done!... that wasn't quite "the thing."

We'd long since forgotten that Jesus Christ was the plainest-spoken man ever, and His road to Heaven the straightest and definitely the least ornamental.

And now comes Dr. Neville Gorton with a real plan to draw some of these paths together... to start by erecting the altar in the CENTRE, where the people may share it with the clergy... where it is gettable and seen from all sides, and approachable from all angles.

In the Chapel of Unity there will be UNITED prayer.

Anglicans and Nonconformists kneeling together at one altar.

### And why on earth not?

Surely all this bickering about slight interpretations has caused more confusion than clarity... more petty strife and friction than peace.

If a whole nation can be asked to go down on its knees on a day called a Day of National Prayer, and all pray to the same God through His Son, Jesus Christ... and can be assured that prayer, whether from the field or factory or church, hospital, or home... that EVERY prayer will reach its destination... and EVERY prayer will go direct to the Fountain Head according to its sincerity, and NOT according to the route it takes via this denomination or that...

If the whole nation can be assured of that, surely it is having proved to it that God has no particular preference for denominations... otherwise only this or that section of the community can expect its prayers to be answered.

If all prayers can be answered, then definitely God is no respecter of denominations. YOUR prayer from wherever you are is as good as mine from wherever I happen to be... and if it were otherwise, then it would be hopeless.

The Bishop of Coventry has started a grand movement. He's started talking in SOULS instead of SECTS, and that's the only sensible tongue.

The Hun tried to reduce the House of God to naught in Coventry. But the Eternal God cannot be destroyed.

Maybe we're going to see a greater-than-ever proof of this. Cheerio and Good Hunting.

## Here's Mother writing you a letter A.P.O. Jack Billington

YOUR mother told us, Jack, how cross you were when she moved back to 78 Norway Street, Waterloo, Liverpool, from the bigger house in Worthing Street.

But, she added, with a twinkle in her eye, you now agree it was a very good move indeed.

Because, were it not for the move, you might never have met Mary Dolan—the girl across the way—who is now your wife.

Mother also told us that she has put off getting the new outfit you were talking about. Instead, she has had large framed pictures of you and your brother Robert, both in naval uniform.

She says she wants to have these pictures always before her, so to speak, while you are at sea—and when you come home.

Your wife is very well and happy, and often comes in of an evening, when her job is done, to chat with the family. As she was at work, we could not get her picture for you—but we'll do so in a future issue of "Good Morning."

Both Father and 15-year-old Alice are getting along fine—and so is Mother. In fact, everything at home is going on well.

The stork has been visiting the Billington clan, and your sisters-in-law will soon be adding to your number, we hear.

All at home send their fondest love. Good Hunting!



Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

## MOUNTAIN, WOOD AND COUNTRYSIDE

By Fred Kitchen

### THE CAT AND WEASEL

JESSE was digging out a rabbit. He should have been digging a ditch, but had left that awhile for the more exciting possibilities of a rabbit hole. It was a freshly made hole, and, according to Jesse's hedge-side lore, the rabbit "couldn't be far in."

For ten minutes he dug into the bank, and then thrust in his arm as far as it would reach. His fingers touched fur, and immediately the rabbit bolted out of another hole almost under Jesse's nose.

"Who'd ha' thought it!" muttered Jesse, as the rabbit scurried along the headland.

Suddenly the rabbit gave a little squeal, and Jesse ran along the hedge-side, thinking the rabbit was to be his after all. He saw Topsy, the poacher cat, holding it by the "scruff," and before he had gone a step further something shot out of the hedge and fastened itself on Topsy's neck.

It was a weasel—it had heard the rabbit squeal, and evidently couldn't discern between the cat and rabbit.

Jesse stood and watched. Topsy, spitting and swearing, released her hold on the rabbit and turned to defend herself. She sprang into the air, causing the weasel to somersault until it dropped on its feet some few yards away.

It looked surprised at this unexpected treatment, and after looking half-fearfully at Topsy for a second, turned to run.

Its movements were swift, but for once Topsy was swifter, and she was feeling indignant.

Like a flash she sprang, and before the weasel had reached the grass in the hedgerow she fastened her claws into its back.

For more than a minute they clung together, Topsy trying to shake off the plucky little weasel that clung to her fur.

After much struggling and swearing Topsy released the badly mauled weasel, hoping to torment it as she did rats; but it refused to run.

Its little eyes shone pink with savagery as it made one supreme effort to renew the attack. It sprang lamely, and fastened its teeth on top of the cat's neck.

Topsy had met more than her match, and, with a frightful wall, tore along the headland with the little weasel clinging tenaciously to her neck.

Straight towards Jesse she came, without even seeing him, and Jesse held his spade to stop her headlong rush. "Biff!" they went against the spade, turned a few rapid somersaults, and fell apart.

Jesse put an end to the weasel, while Topsy shot off home—her usually sleek fur sadly dishevelled.

"And now the rabbit's mine!" mused Jesse, and went to pick it up, hoping it was not too badly mauled for the pot. It was not badly mauled by any means, for on Jesse's approach it bolted off—little the worse for its adventure.

Jesse resumed his ditching, pondering over the uncertainties of "things in general."

## THIS DEVON FAMILY HAS DONE SAME JOB 500 years

Victor Hilton  
Tells the Story

THERE can be few churchyards in England's green and pleasant land more thoroughly imbued with the spirit of everlasting peace than that beautiful green plot at Stoke Gabriel, S. Devon.

Completely surrounding the ancient church, it slopes gently down on one side to the quiet waters of the River Dart. Small insects play around the trees; a cheeky robin hops from grave to grave, so much life in so tiny a body; the river laps gently against the bank, the breeze moves softly in the trees, a soft eternal lullaby for the good men of Devon who sleep their last long sleep. There are men there who have died after a lifetime of hard, honest work; others who have died in their prime; some who died for freedom in the war to end all wars, the war that started another.

Two names predominate among the gravestones of Stoke Gabriel—the names of Churchward and Narracott. I could see these names on every hand as I stood beneath the oldest yew tree in England, with the wind moving in its branches, branches that are as big as many an ordinary tree, and the great main trunk of it sighing and creaking with its age. This venerable old fellow, propped up in at least a score of places, is reputed to be fifteen hundred years old, and legend has it that if you walk backwards three times around it you will get your wish, whatever that may be.

Earlier I had called at the vicarage and learned something of the Narracotts from the Rev. H. F. Beaumont, the vicar, who had many interesting stories to tell of Stoke Gabriel, its people and its pulpit. He saw no especial

reason for doubting the claim of the Narracott family to have been sextons in Stoke Gabriel for five hundred years, although, as he said, there was no documentary evidence to cover the whole of that period.

About 1917, the then incoming vicar, finding the vestry stacked high to the ceiling with old books and documents, ordered the lot, in a moment of impatience, to be burned. The burning had progressed to a rather considerable extent before a Dr. Bulltail, outraged and indignant, appeared on the

## EMPIRE'S UNDER THE MICROSCOPE

Says

Andrew Slade

IN the convoys to Britain come strange little parcels.—blocks of coral mud from British Honduras, penguin oil from the Falklands, cinnamon bark oil from the Seychelles.

At the Imperial Institute, London, men who put the Empire under the microscope are discovering new treasures in its soil and strange new uses for its resources. Their discoveries are of great importance to the war effort.

Coral mud is being turned into building blocks, coconuts into box board, seaweed into soup, leaf oil into soap.

The Institute experts have examined samples, varying from pigs' hair and honey to roots and rocks, and answered about 2,000 queries.

Six samples and eight inquiries a day may not seem a great task, but the amount of detailed investigation is enormous.

They have linked new materials and markets. Tobacco grown for the first time in Jamaica was turned over to the appropriate tobacco concern. Water-lily seed from the Sudan was a problem, but it proved to be a farinaceous foodstuff that could be used for the manufacture of cattle fodder.

**TIPS FROM CHIPS.**

Chips from the stump of a pine tree were sent by a Canadian timber man, who wanted to know how he could make the most of his woods when the timber had been cut down.

The Institute Intelligence section told him how resin, turpentine, camphor, liquorice, and numerous other substances could be profitably made from the pine stumps that littered his ground.

Some researches may occupy months of constant work, and in the end may lead to negative results.

A sample of horn-blende submitted by South Africa occupied weeks of intensive work before the scientists were satisfied that it could only be used for decorative purposes in coloured cement mixtures.

On the other hand, a chunk of rock from Eire, which the finder thought might contain cobalt, was shown to contain little cobalt, but consisted

scene to cry halt to what he called "this vandalism."

Some of the books were saved, including a "Vinegar Bible" (with its misprint of "vinegar" for "vineyard"), an early edition of Fox's Book of Martyrs, and a few of the churchwardens' accounts. A great deal of the material which was burned included apprentice deeds (agreements made between farmers and the parents of youngsters who went to work on farms for a few shillings

a year pocket-money), and many records of the Narracott family.

"Of the two families," said the vicar, "the Narracotts are older by half a century. The Churchward family settled in Hill House within the parish in 1483, the last year of the reign of Edward IV. The Narracotts seem to have filled the office of sexton in unbroken succession since 1440."

When Raleigh and Sir Humphrey Gilbert sailed the seas, there were Narracotts in Stoke Gabriel, and one of them was sexton. A Narracott rang the bell when Henry VI was deposed and Edward IV was crowned in 1461. A Narracott was sexton when the princes were murdered in the Tower and Richard III usurped the throne. A Narracott rang in the Reformation.

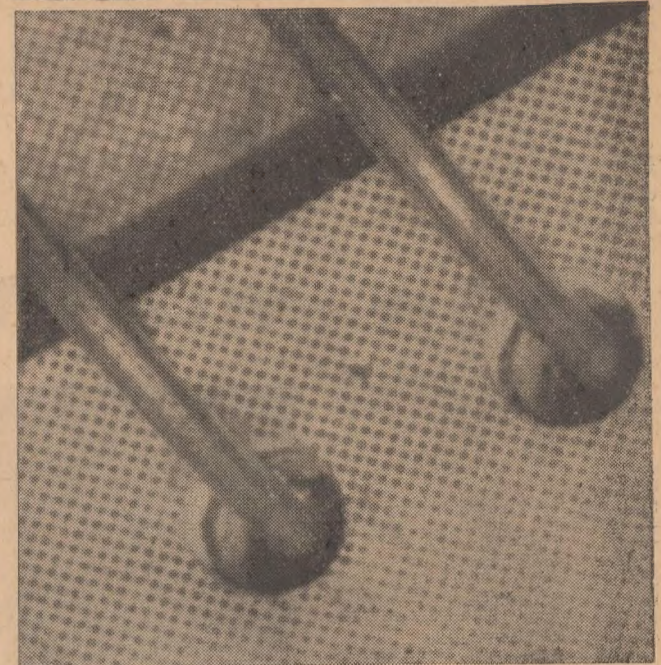
The beacon that told of the coming of the Spanish Armada was lighted by a Narracott, and the bonfire that signalled its defeat. During the reigns of nineteen rulers of England there has always been a Narracott a sexton at Stoke Gabriel. A Narracott rang in the Allied victory over Germany in 1918, and it is tolerably certain that a Narracott will do the same in 1944.

In the last war there were a dozen Narracotts at the front. The present sexton, George Muir Narracott, was appointed when he was only 21.

In the tiny cottage next door to the Church House (now A.R.P. headquarters), where George lives with his now all-



## SUNDAY FARE



### WHAT IS IT?

Here's this week's picture puzzle. Last week's was Sunshades.

tain drugs may be solved with hitherto neglected roots from Rhodesia.

From the arid deserts of Australia have come chips indicating the presence of molybdenum, the rare white metal used in specially hard tool steels.

Fragments of rock from Uganda have given the clue to a new mineral wealth, and the present shortage of cer-

### BRITAIN'S BIG-POST POSERS

SIX thousand million letters are posted every year in Great Britain. Of these, 90 millions are registered and almost three millions are sent "express."

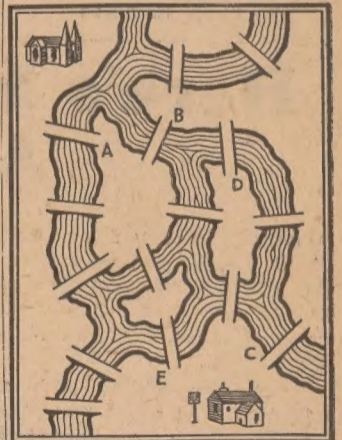
During 1943, offices in England, Scotland and Wales sold between them seven thousand million stamps. This means that printing of stamps by Post Office printing contractors goes on day and night without halt—over 20 millions must be turned out every twenty-four hours.

Something that gives every Post Office sorter a big headache is the "Sealed With a Kiss" fad. Kissing the backs of letters with jammy lips just jams up the machinery, the P.O. says.

And many letters, when placed on the "facing table," are found to have their stamps in the bottom left-hand corner instead of the usual top right-hand. This means "Get Up Them Apples," in the Language of Stamps it is believed, but you should hear the P.O. sorter use his kind of language when he gets a couple of thousand of these in one hour!

It means that he's got to work double-speed to catch up with the stamp-cancelling machines.

### PUZZLE THIS OUT



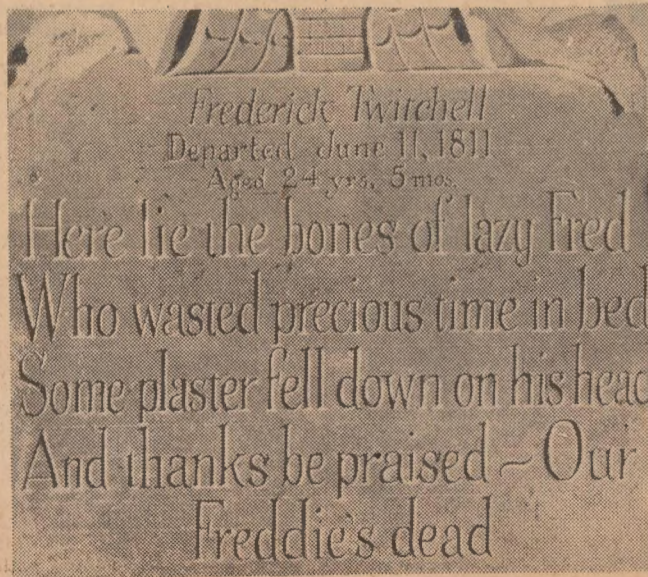
#### THE FIFTEEN BRIDGES.

Start from the Church and make your way to the Inn, passing over all the 15 bridges once each only, and never crossing your own path. There are several solutions to that puzzle, but now try doing it so as to fulfill the following condition: Two unlettered bridges must be crossed before passing over each lettered one, and the lettered bridges must be taken in alphabetical order.

Answer to Triangle Puzzle in S48: 72 Triangles.

Thus, you first cross two unlettered bridges and then cross bridge A; then two more unlettered ones before crossing bridge B and so on. To this, there is only one possible solution, and it is advisable to make a few enlarged sketches so that you can have a number of goes at it.

### TOMBSTONE WARNING



# BUCK RYAN



## STAMP MARKET NEWS

By J.S. Newcombe

THERE are two schools of thought about war-time printings of British Colonial stamps. One regards the smallest deviation from normal in paper, gum, shade or perforation, as being of definite philatelic interest. The other school says the new printings are without significance and ought not to be catalogued.

The war-time paper is thinner and whiter than normal. The gum has lost its yellow tint and is transparent white. Quite frequently a 1/4 difference is noticed in perforation.



Gibbons have refused to catalogue these quarter changes, and in the face of remonstrances from dealers and a small section of the philatelic Press, remain adamant.

If you collect the new printings, here is news of the latest of them. De La Rue have reprinted the current King George VI large pictorial type of Gibraltar. The values affected are the 1d., 3d.

and 5s., and also the small King's head 1d. These four values have new shades and perforations.

Shades have also changed in new printings of the Gilbert and Ellice Islands current pictorials, all values to 1s., excepting the 5d. and 6d., and of the Zanzibar Sultan Kalif bin Harub and native craft types, values 5c. to 50c. and the 1s. and 2s. The paper of the Zanzibar stamps is noticeably thinner and whiter.

I have forgotten, if ever I knew, how many



Jugo-Slav ships are sailing the seas under a free flag. Not a large number, I should think.

Nevertheless, the Royal Jugo-Slav Government in London has lined up with other exiled Governments by issuing a set of stamps for use on their vessels.

These stamps commemorate the 25th anniversary of the founding of the kingdom. There are six values, from 1 to 10 dinara, bi-coloured on unwatermarked paper, and recess-printed by Waterlow, and each carries the portrait of a national figure in the country's history. The heads on the 4d. and 5d., reproduced in this column, are of Karajic and Strosmajer, if that means anything to you.

It is difficult to foresee the fate of these stamps. Like others of their ilk, they can claim no postal justification. I should say they are partly propaganda and largely revenue-getters.

But I would have said the same of the recent Czechoslovak miniature sheet, 20,000 of which were sold to the public for 5s., yet they appreciated rapidly, and dealers to-day are asking 10s.

The Jugo-Slav commemoratives will probably have a short life, and I advise putting by a set or two—in fine used condition for preference, of course. They retail mint at 3s. 6d.

From the enemy-occupied Jugo-Slav puppet state or Croatia comes the stamp, illustrated here, which carries the portrait of Pavelic, the Fascist leader and Prime Minister. It was issued last year (this is one of very few copies to reach Britain) to commemorate Croatia's two years of independence as a state.

I have heard of only two values, 5kr. and 7kr.



There is a surcharge for the Youth Society of 3kr. and 5kr. The lower value is red-brown and the higher is green.

Supplies of the Maxim Gorky commemorative stamp, issued in June, 1943, are now reaching the London market. The transverse design is of a petrel flying over a stormy sea, and at right is a striking portrait of the celebrated writer.

At the foot of the stamp, between the dates, 28.11.1868 and 28.11.1943, appears his signature. Unwatermarked, and perforated 12, the stamp is printed in photogravure by the Government works at Moscow. Of recent Soviet issues, it is easily the best designed. There are two values, 30k. green and 60k. bluish-slate.

Good  
Morning

# Fun of the Fair

